



# LEAVES OF THE LOTOS



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# Leaves of the Lotos

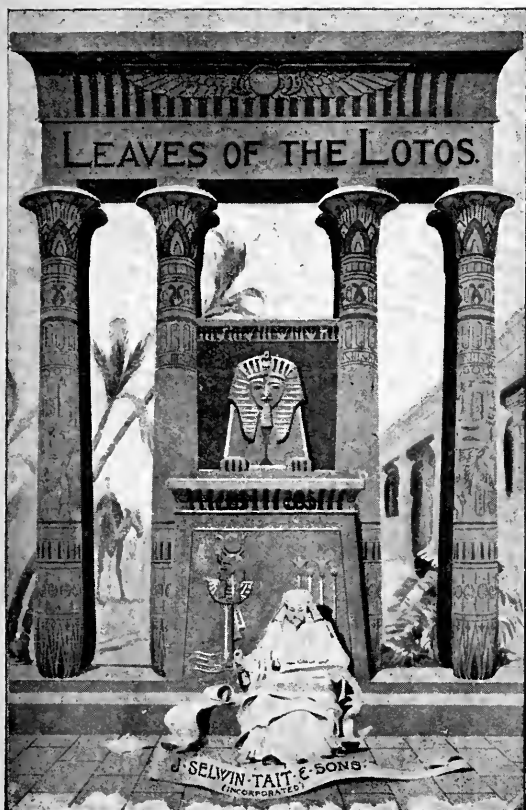


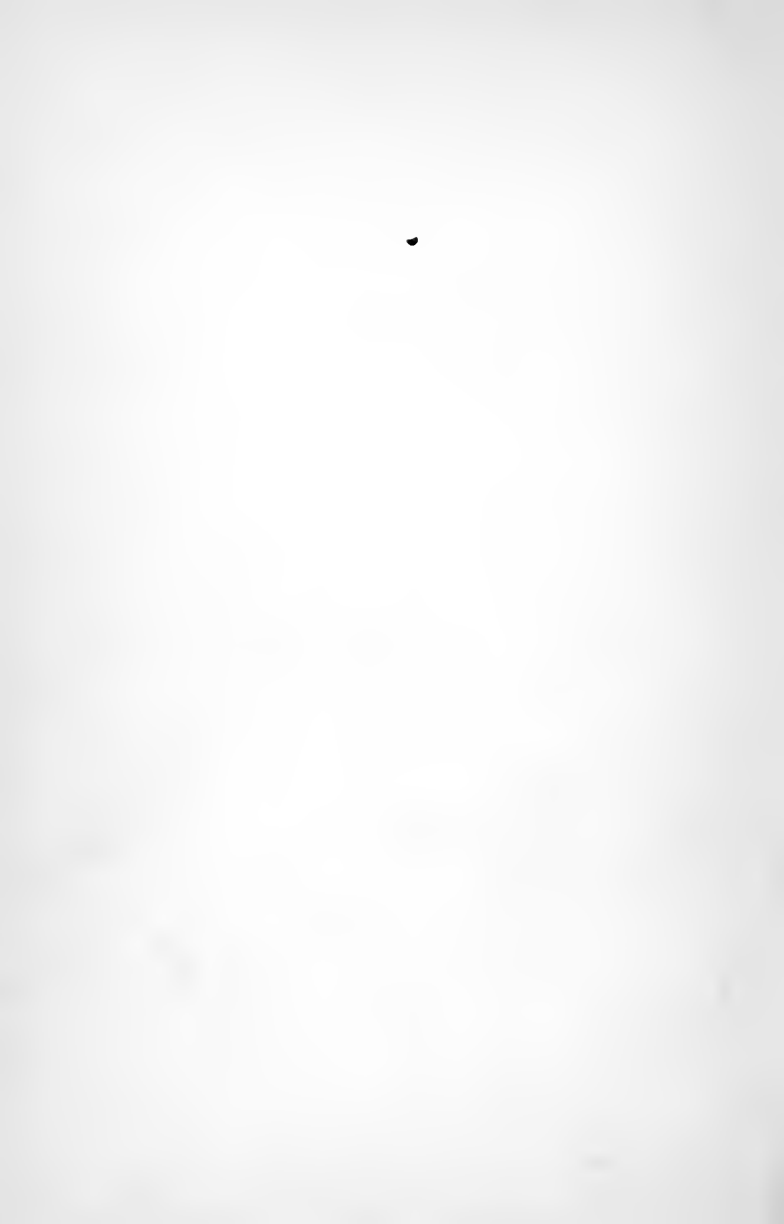






Yours Sincerely,  
David Banks Gickley





# Leaves of the Lotos

BY

✓  
DAVID BANKS SICKELS



NEW YORK

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TO

COLONEL THOMAS W. KNOX,

whose genial nature and kindly acts have made his long-enduring friendship a priceless pleasure (as the dew and sunlight of the Orient enhance and enrich the beauty and fragrance of the Lotos), this little volume is dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.



## Where the Lotos Grows.



KIES are bluest,  
Hearts are truest,  
Life has fewest woes;  
Hopes are brightest,  
Toil is lightest,  
Where the lotos grows.

Flowers are rarest,  
Maids are fairest,  
Friends outnumber foes;  
Years are fleetest,  
Love is sweetest,  
Where the lotos grows.

Thoughts are purest,  
Faith is surest,  
Doubting never knows;



Where the Lotus Grows.

---

Dreams are newest,  
Cares are fewest,  
Where the lotos grows.

Life is longest,  
Ties are strongest,  
Passion finds repose;  
Friends are dearest,  
God is nearest,  
Where the lotos grows.



## The Joy of India.



N mystic script the Devas  
told

What time the life-creating  
light—

The primal germ of immortality—  
Would burst upon a darkened world;  
How from the slumbering void concealed

Beyond great Meru's mighty mount,  
The Prince of Peace would come again,  
To sow anew the seeds of hope  
In hearts o'ergrown with weeds of woe.

As storm-controlling Indra came  
To rule awhile the wayward winds,  
And drive Asura from his throne,  
That peace might reign again on earth:





## The Joy of India.

---

Siddartha, unrevealed to men,  
Descended from Tushita's heights  
To quench the fires of misery,  
And gladden all the peopled world.

In fair Lumbrini's fragrant grove,  
Where Gunga's gracious waters flowed  
And mirrored nature's pageantry,  
The infant Lord immaculate was born,  
And every creature blest his birth.  
The Minah on the tufted tamarind  
perched,  
Proclaimed his joy with mimic speech,  
As willing winds a welcome sang;  
While Kalibinkas caught the strain  
And made their music everywhere.

The lotos leaning on its wiry stem,  
Or pillowed on the placid stream,



## The Joy of India.

---

Awoke and ope'd its drowsy leaves.  
Mandaras, with their odors sweet  
Winged by soft monsoons, a greeting  
gave.

The Poh tree with its burdened limbs  
Low-bending, grateful homage paid  
To him who once its ample boughs  
Had sheltered from the fiery blast  
Of typhoons born in tropic seas.

The clouds that drifted down the sky  
Arrayed themselves in ruby robes.  
The moon outstretched its pearly arms  
To soothe awhile the restless sea;  
The stars burned brighter on Night's  
brow

Than ever since Creation's dawn,  
And Nature's treasures unlocked  
An undiscovered wealth outpoured.  
The sun, reburnished for the day,



## The Joy of India.

---

Gilded anew the Prachadees,  
And marked his forehead with the sign  
Of kinship with Divinity.

Then as his pilgrim footsteps pressed  
The alien soil of hostile climes,  
With fear the trembling Brahman saw  
The dreaded doom of creed and caste—  
The dawn of God's immortal love:  
While waiting nations knew their Lord,  
And Rajahs famed for pomp and power  
Cast all their sceptres at his feet.



## Beautiful Siam.



BEAUTIFUL Siam! Land of  
the free!

He who is greatest is smiling  
on thee—

Smiling to-day on the king on his  
throne,

Smiling and claiming the land as His  
own.

Land of the lotos, and lily, and vine!  
All that is fairest in Nature is thine:  
Riches unmeasured repose in thy soil,  
Waiting the touch of the finger of toil.

Beautiful Siam! Slumber no more!  
Hear the deep beat of the sea on thy  
shore!

Hear the loud winds that are calling to  
thee;





## Beautiful Siam.

---

Wake from thy slumber at last and be  
free.

Peace through thy borders eternally  
reigns—

Down in thy valleys and up on thy  
plains;

In the broad fields where the paddy-  
plant grows—

In thy rich gardens of lily and rose.

Beautiful Siam ! Land of the free !

He who is greatest is smiling on thee—

Smiling to-day on the king on his  
throne,

Smiling and claiming the land as His  
own.



## Anghín.



HE sea is calm and on this  
happy shore  
Sleeps pillowed as a babe  
on mother's breast

In its unconscious purity.  
The winds that o'er it swept,  
And wrinkled its fair face—  
Prophetic of the stormy years of life  
That plow deep furrows in the heart—  
Have fled into their darksome caves,  
As in the direful days of old,  
When white-armed Juno's vengeful  
wrath  
Wreaked its wild fury on the Trojan  
ships.

Here 'neath the shade of tropic trees  
That bend their budding branches low,



### Ængbín.

---

Submissive to the sway that Nature  
holds,

And wooed by many a kissing breeze,  
We sit and watch the tiny craft  
Incoming with the flowing tide:  
As one who on the border-land  
Of youth's enchanted realm surveys  
Futurity's unmeasured depths;  
Or looking out on Life's uncertain sea,  
Expectant of the coming argosy,  
Rich-laden with its golden joys,  
Dreams of a promised bliss.

Alas! the tide soon ebbs and darkness  
comes

Apace with quick-receding sun;  
The Ruahs, dancing on the waves  
With bending oars and gleaming sails,  
Drift seaward from our sight.  
So from Life's fairest visions fade  
Our glory-gilded hopes.



## Chulalongkorn.



OY to the king, Chulalóng-  
korn !

Greet him from palace to  
port !

Welcome with loud-praising cannon  
Booming from vessel and fort.

Welcome the king at his coming;  
Fling every flag to the wind !  
Happy the ruled and the ruler—  
Kingly, but noble and kind.

Birds in the bamboo branches  
Join in the welcoming strains;  
Welcome with warble and whistle  
Over the mountains and plains !





## Chulalongkorn.

---

Winds with your myriad voices,  
Welcome with zephyr and breeze;  
Welcome with roar of the tempest,  
Over the land and the seas.

Stars in the luminous heavens,  
Circling the dark brow of night,  
Shine on the Menam's waters,  
Beaming with purest light.

Flowers in the gardens and meadows,  
Brightest of colors display;  
Render your tribute of odors  
Unto the young king to-day.

Joy to the king, Chulalóngkorn !  
Greet him from palace to port !  
Welcome with loud-praising cannon  
Booming from vessel and fort.



## Every Day.



MID the tumult of the street  
And ceaseless tread of rest-  
less feet,  
What varied human forms  
we meet,

Every day.

Some burdened with unwhispered woe ;  
Sad secrets God alone can know ;  
We see them wandering to and fro,  
Every day.

Some seared by time's decay or blight ;  
With furrowed brow and fading sight,  
Who haunt our feet from morn till night,  
Every day.

Some swayed by passion deep and  
strong,



### Every Day.

---

Enkindled by some burning wrong,  
Unheeded by the listless throng,  
    Every day.

The lust of power, the greed for gain,—  
Twin tyrants of the heart and brain—  
We see the ruin of their reign,  
    Every day.

The crafty knaves that throng the street,  
Wearing the garments of deceit ;  
Who breathe to lie and live to cheat,  
    Every day.

And some aspiring to be great,  
With beaming eye and heart elate,  
Scorning the thorny thrusts of fate,  
    Every day.

The youth enthralled by some fond  
dream,



## Every Day.

---

Or borne along on fancy's stream,  
Believing all things what they seem,  
Every day.

The aged tottering toward the tomb,  
No light to lift their rayless gloom,  
Nor hope their weary way illumine,  
Every day.

The rich and poor, the old and young,  
With silent lip or fluent tongue,  
And griefs untold or joys unsung,  
Every day.

Thus in the drama of the town,  
Some bear a cross or wear a crown  
Until death rings the curtain down,  
Every day.





## Who knows?



WHO knows we have not lived  
before

In forms that felt delight  
and pain ?

If death is not the open door

Through which we pass to life again ?

The fruitful seed beneath the sod

In infant bud and bloom may rise ;

But by the eternal laws of God

It is not quickened 'till it dies.

The leaves that tremble on the tree,

Fall 'neath the stroke of Autumn's  
storms ;

But by some mighty mystery,

With spring return in other forms.

As currents of the surging sea

From undiscovered sources flow,



## Who Knows ?

---

So what we were and yet may be,  
In this brief life we may not know.

But oft some unexpected gleams  
Of past and unremembered years,  
Break through the doorway of our  
dreams  
And some familiar face appears:—

A kindred spirit lost awhile  
Amid the change from death to birth,  
Whose beaming eye and loving smile  
Recall some former scenes of earth.

And thus unconscious of the tie—  
The mystic link that love creates—  
Perhaps we see our own who die,  
In newer forms and other states.

Perhaps with every cycle passed  
Throughout the ages yet to be,



Who knows ?

---

Our own will come to us at last,  
As parted waters find the sea—

Not wholly clad as they were seen  
When death unbound their robes of  
clay,

But with seraphic face and mien,  
And souls that may not pass away.



## Lorle.



HE bells in San Marino's  
tower

Had sweetly chimed the  
vesper hour—

As Benedictine monks and friars,  
With children led by pensive sires,  
And white-robed throngs of devotees,  
With bowed heads and bended knees—  
In blest accord intoned a prayer  
That rose like incense through the air.

Within the grand cathedral's hall  
A solemn gloom hung over all ;  
As if some spectre, strange and dread,  
Had risen from the dusty dead,  
And by the mystic mien it bore  
Inspired a deep, religious awe.





## Lorle.

---

Upon the altar there upraised  
The sacred tapers burned and blazed ;  
And high above the crown and pyx,  
Resplendent gleamed the crucifix ;  
While through the chancel-pane the  
light

Of myriad stars shone clear and bright,  
As twilight's purple shadows fell  
On Alpine peak, in vale and dell.

Long ere the prelate's moaning prayer  
Was wafted through the frosty air,  
Sweet Lorle came as oft before.  
And knelt beyond the opened door ;  
But never since the vesper bells  
Rung out their strains in music swells,  
Was such a saintly smile and grace  
E'er seen in such a saddened face ;  
Yet those who know the unwhispered  
grief



Of years that seem not few nor brief,  
Were fitted best to reason why  
Her faded cheek and cheerless eye.

The wounds that love makes in the heart  
When pierced by its relentless dart ;  
The hopes long nurtured in her breast  
With thoughts the purest and the best ;  
The web of bliss that fancy wove  
On Alpine hill, in shaded grove,  
Or while beside the flowing Aar,  
With all the charms of Nature there—  
The memory of blissful hours,  
Of singing birds and fragrant flowers,  
Of softest sighs and truant tears,  
And whispers in her eager ears,  
The yearning eye, the warm embrace,  
The love-light shining on his face,  
And all the sweet romantic themes  
Inspired by love's seraphic dreams.



### Loric.

---

Ah, yes ! 'tis well to brave the blast,  
When hope is flying at the mast,—  
To meet the foe on bloody field  
Undaunted, with the lance and shield, --  
To wait with slow-departing breath  
Unchanged the dreaded hour of death ;  
But what is youth when hope hath fled ?  
Or what is life when love is dead—  
When every glance of tender eye  
Recalls a blighted destiny?



## Old Friends.



HERE are no friends like old  
friends,

And none so good and  
true;

We greet them when we meet them,

As roses greet the dew;

No other friends are dearer,

Though born of kindred mold;

And while we prize the new ones,

We treasure more the old.

There are no friends like old friends,

Where'er we dwell or roam,

In lands beyond the ocean,

Or near the bounds of home ;

And when they smile to gladden,

Or sometimes frown to guide,

We fondly wish those old friends

Were always by our side.





### Old Friends.

---

There are no friends like old friends,  
To help us with the load  
That all must bear who journey  
O'er life's uneven road ;  
And when unconquered sorrows  
The weary hours invest,  
The kindly words of old friends  
Are always found the best.

There are no friends like old friends,  
To calm our frequent fears,  
When shadows fall and deepen  
Through life's declining years ;  
And when our faltering footsteps  
Approach the Great Divide,  
We'll long to meet the old friends  
Who wait the other side.



## Winnisook.



RANDLY these rock-bound  
mountains rise  
Above the vale and ar-  
rowy brook ;  
And canopied by radiant skies  
Look down on peerless Winnisook.

Old Panther with his fir-crowned brow—  
The frowning walls of Overlook—  
With grandeur Nature's scenes endow,  
But charm us less than Winnisook.

The wild cascade, the moss-grown ways,  
With arching vines that hang be-  
tween,  
Appear to our enchanted gaze  
Like pictures in a fairy scene.



## Winnisook.

---

Here cedar-leaf and hazel-bloom  
Imbue with balm the willing air ;  
And regnant peace forbids the gloom  
That haunts our visions everywhere.

And here is greeting warm and true,  
With cheery word and merry shout;  
A sense of welcome comes to you  
From hand and heart you dare not  
doubt.

Bright home, by bending boughs em-  
bowered,  
Half hidden in this highland nook,  
With Nature's richest treasures dower-  
ed;  
Who would not dwell at Winnisook?



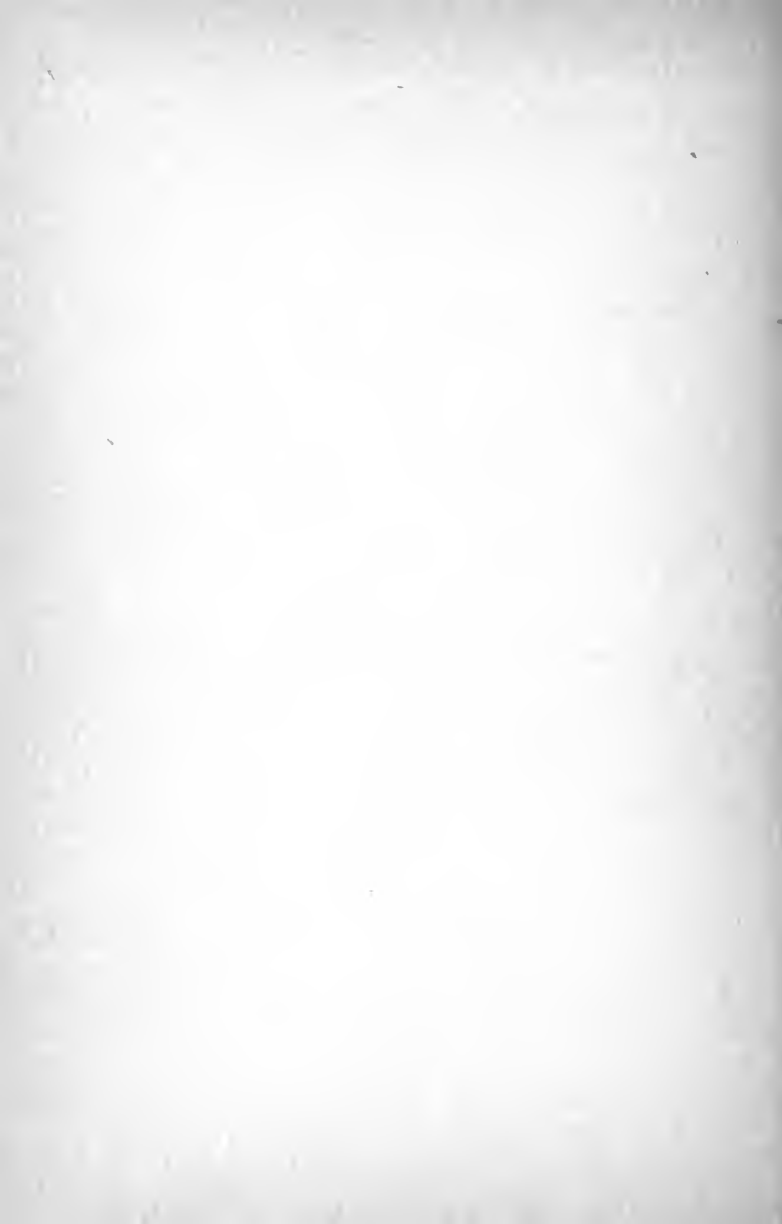
## After Awhile.



FTER awhile, we often say,  
When shadows fall and  
clouds arise,  
There's sure to come a  
brighter day,  
With balmy air and sunny skies.

After awhile, a day of rest  
Will come to worn and weary feet ;  
What seems the worst will prove the  
best,  
And bitter things be turned to sweet.

After awhile, the aching heart  
Will find a cordial for its pain,  
And, as the flying days depart,  
The joy of love will come again.





### After Awhile.

---

After awhile, the Right will reign,  
And conquered Wrong will lose its  
    sway,

While ancient Error's icy chain  
Will break and slowly melt away.

After awhile, the clashing creeds  
That lead to strife and hate with men,  
Will yield to our superior needs,  
And love will prompt the lip and pen.

After awhile, the golden hours  
Will come with life's supernal days,  
And higher thoughts and nobler powers  
Will lead us into grander ways.



## In Memoriam.



EW tread unscathed the fiery  
ways of life,  
And fewer win the laureled  
crown

That decks the victor's brow.  
The blight, the mildew, and the blast  
Untimely came ; then ruthless winds  
Destroyed the budding leaves of hope.  
Like some stanch bark that braved the  
storm.

And ocean's rudest waves unharmed,  
Then changed its course to calmer seas  
And sank beneath their silent depths ;  
So, 'mid the toil and battle of the day,  
Unwearied and undaunted by the fray,  
He struggled on, and who divined  
His peerless worth of heart and mind.



### In Memoriam.

---

Knew of his lofty scorn of wrong—  
His deep contempt for foul deceit  
And vain pretence of excellence  
Whereby the unworthy crawl to power,  
While gifted greatness stands abashed—  
For what he seemed to be, he was.



## Baby Ruth.



DAY crowned the happy day  
When Baby Ruth was born;  
The lark arose with sweeter  
lay

To greet the welcome morn.

The sun with purer light  
Burst on a gladdened world ;  
And daylight dawned as dark-brow'd  
night  
Her sable curtains furled.

The birds in budding bowers  
Their newest anthems sang,  
And all throughout the joyous hours  
The woods with music rang.

The lily and the rose,  
With every flower that blooms,





Baby Ruth.

---

Awakening from their soft repose  
Dispensed their sweet perfumes.

As comes the hour of love  
With dreams of boundless bliss,  
She wandered from the world above  
And came to gladden this.



## Spring.



HE maiden Spring has come  
again

To deck the vernal bowers;  
Her airy footsteps through  
the vale

Awake the drowsy flowers.

Along the banks of babbling streams,  
And o'er the upland plain,  
Where'er her joyous presence moves  
She leads her gladdening train.

The lisp'ing zephyr's morning hymn  
The bees' incessant hum,  
Are Nature's chosen oracles  
That tell us she has come.

The myriad minstrels in the grove  
Their greeting strains prolong ;



## Spring.

---

And all the earth seems resonant  
With universal song.

The heart of Nature beats again,  
Impetuous with life,  
While from her peaceful breast are gone  
The elements of strife.

And in my heart I feel once more  
The thrill of early dreams,  
When joyous Youth, the Spring of Life,  
Pursued its favorite themes.



## The Peace of Minnisook.



IN the verdant valleys rich  
with ripening maize,  
Red men built their camp-  
fires in the olden days ;  
But the white invader's unrelenting  
horde  
Drove them from their wigwams with  
the torch and sword,  
Backward to the forests over field and  
fen,  
Far beyond the footprints and the  
haunts of men.

Thus the peaceful tribesmen, hunted  
like the deer,  
Wandering through the highlands found  
a refuge here ;  
Found their homes ancestral in their  
native hills,





## The Peace of Winnisook.

---

Heard familiar voices in the running  
rills,  
Learned from Nature's lessons writ on  
vine and tree  
That the Mighty Spirit made them  
brave and free.

Then the lordly chieftain, Winnisook  
the Great,  
Gathered all his people to this vast es-  
tate,  
And with words of wisdom, said with  
heat and force,  
Like the waters rushing from their  
mountain source :  
" Come and live contented in this safe  
retreat,  
And, your woes forgetting, rest your  
weary feet ;  
Breathe the balmy incense of the fir  
and pine,



## The Peace of Winnisook.

---

Drink from ceaseless fountains Nature's  
purest wine ;  
Hear the happy songsters in the boughs  
above  
Chant their morning anthems and their  
lays of love."

Then Kasyoota, rising from her mossy  
seat,  
When she heard these love-words falling  
soft and sweet,  
Rushed to kiss her father on his bronzed  
cheek,  
With her arms around him ere he ceased  
to speak.  
" Father, they have called you good and  
great," she said,  
" And thy people followed where your  
footsteps led  
Over marsh and moorland, over track-  
less woods,



## The Peace of Winnisook.

---

Through the somber forest's dreary  
solitudes.

Where the shadows deepen as the twi-  
light's glow,

Creeping down the mountain, slowly  
dies below.

Through the storm of winter, and the  
summer's heat

Everywhere they've followed with un-  
faltering feet ;

Swift with loyal fingers there to bend  
the bow,

When thy voice commanded all to meet  
the foe.

Now thy peace-words falling like the  
gentle rain,

Make our hearts submissive to thy will  
again.

And, forever ceasing from unfruitful  
strife,

Call us to the pastimes of a nobler life—



## The Peace of Winnisook.

---

When the sacred peace-pipe yields the  
pearly smoke,  
And the idle arrow lingers in the oak,  
When the blood-stained hatchet, laid  
aside to rust,  
With the awful war-club buried in the  
dust ;  
When the piercing war-cry nevermore  
alarms,  
And the tolling tocsin calls no more to  
arms.  
When the yell for vengeance evermore  
shall cease,  
And our warriors conquer by the arts of  
peace."





## They are not Lost.



HEY are not lost, though  
shoreless seas  
Between us and our loved  
ones lie;  
For, in the land of mysteries,  
All life is immortality.

They are not lost; the starry spheres  
May vanish from the vault of night;  
But after an eclipse of years  
Reveal their unextinguished light.

They are not lost; the drops of rain  
That fall and swell the mountain  
streams  
Are gathered by the sun again,  
And sparkle in its golden beams.



**They are not Lost.**

---

They are not lost; the flowers decay,  
And lose their beauty and perfume,  
But come with each returning May  
With brighter tints and ampler bloom.

They are not lost; though yearning  
eyes  
Invite in vain their swift return  
From other worlds beyond the skies,  
With luring thoughts and hearts that  
burn.

They are not lost; though for awhile  
By faith alone the void is crossed;  
But oft their angel faces smile,  
And then we know they are not lost.



## Runnymede.

(THE GOLDEN WEDDING.)



HE measure full of peace  
untold,

That half a century be-  
stows,

Is richer than a mine of gold,

And sweeter than the summer rose.

But if in noble lives complete,

With deeds that loving ones recall,

The aims of kindred spirits meet,

*There* is the crowning bliss of all.

And so to-day the smiling hills

And sunny skies of Runnymede,

Reflect the radiant joy that fills

The hearts enchained by thought  
and deed.



### Runnymede.

---

Twin agents of a holier trust  
Than wealth can yield or honor  
give;  
When they have crumbled into dust  
With beauty unimpaired will live:—  
Will live, transmitted as the flood  
Its parent source of virtue finds;  
The moral strength of noble blood,  
And purity of chastened minds.  
What union more divine than this  
Can homage claim of loyal heirs?  
What coronet of earthly bliss  
Is so undimmed by time as theirs?





## The Age.



HIS is the age by sages oft  
foretold,  
When common sense is  
weightier than gold,  
When men and women doff the flimsy gauze  
That pride too often weaves to hide  
their flaws;  
An age that scorns presumptuous  
prigs and flirts,  
And modest virtue gains its just deserts.  
When vulgar quacks, unlicensed by  
the State,  
Unpitied fall and meet a fitting fate.  
When vain pretense of worth that  
some display



## The Age.

---

Before the sun of truth soon melts  
away.

When gilded fools and jeweled moun-  
tebanks,

Who ape the gentleman by fantastic  
pranks,

Are passed by all with unmistaken  
sneer,

Or left to meet the quiet laugh or jeer.

This is the age when virtue's higher  
law

Inspires the public confidence and  
awe,

When all who dare their vicious tastes  
display

Are "sent to Coventry" without delay.

'Tis well that thus is ruled our social  
state

By laws which none but idiots violate,



### The Age.

---

As only fools, the poet aptly said,  
Step in the place where "angels fear to  
tread."

We greet with reverence now that's  
justly due

The men and women who are pure and  
true,

And honor all, despite their lowly lot,  
Who ne'er pretend to be what they are  
not.

'Tis fashion's slave, devoid of charms  
or grace,

Spreads poisoned powder o'er her hide-  
ous face,

Paints her coarse cheeks the color of  
the rose,

And seems a showman's sign where'er  
she goes.



### The Age.

---

Upon her feet she crowds a pinching  
boot  
With pointed toe and hammer-heel to  
suit,  
Steps as if treading soft on sharpened  
pegs,  
Or else as if the street were paved with  
eggs;  
Upon her hollow head a bonnet flings  
Bedecked with gaudy feathers, beaks  
and wings;  
Dresses the hair she purchased in the  
shop,  
" *A la Bernhardt* " or a la female  
fop.  
And all she wears to make herself complete  
Proves her to be a hollow-hearted  
cheat.





### The Age.

---

God bless the sex! — our wives and  
mothers too!

'Tis well monstrosities like her are few.

This age of common sense as quickly  
scans

The men of wisdom and the charlatans;  
Sees with unerring eye the good and  
bad,

What makes the gentleman and what  
the cad.

It holds that "rank is but the guinea's  
stamp,"

"A man's a man" until he's proved a  
scamp;

That titled snobs and graceless par-  
venues,

Who snap their whips and point their  
billiard cues,



## The Age.

---

Or twirl their canes and twist their light  
    moustache,  
Have less of brains to recommend than  
    cash;  
That, all despite nobility of birth,  
A man is measured only by his worth;  
That circumstance may make a sudden  
    name,  
And place it foremost on the scroll of  
    Fame.

'Tis good and grand to live in such an  
    age—  
The brightest era on our history's  
    page;  
An age of peace with liberty combined,  
The growth of thought—the progress  
    of the mind.  
For what is life if what we prize the  
    most



### The Age.

---

Proves but a vision or an empty boast?  
And what is earth if Error's shrouding  
pall

Hangs like a darkening shadow over  
all—

If tyrant Wrong usurped the place of  
Right

And ruled supreme by his despotic  
might;

If Vice, the monster, all the triumphs  
scored,

And Virtue failed to gain a just re-  
ward?



## Lines Written in an Album.



THE simplest words that  
sometimes fall  
Unnoticed from the lip or  
pen,  
In after years we oft recall,  
And treasure in our hearts again.

So here some trifling thought or word,  
Recorded by a passing friend,  
May, like the notes of some sweet bird,  
With all thy fondest memories blend





In Memoriam.—H. M. L.



ANY the paths that lead to  
glory's gate,  
But few there be who heed  
the humble way  
Our brother trod. Not fortune's proud  
estate  
Was his, nor honor's gilded crown;  
Nor vain pretence of worth that men  
display  
Who wear the flimsy garb of false re-  
nown.

He loved with unseen hand to scatter  
wide  
The blessed boons that charity be-  
stows;  
And oft when cold and prouder hearts  
denied



The paltry pittance craved, he yielded  
more,  
With equal willingness to friends and  
foes;  
And none returned with curses to his  
door.

He lived to see his country disen-  
thralled—  
The long-returning answer to his  
prayers—  
To see the olive-bearing dove recalled,  
With new-born harbingers of hope  
for all;  
Then on his God he cast his earthly  
cares  
And calmly waited for the welcome  
call.



## My Angel Guide.



CANNOT feel that thou art  
dead

Dear angel of my life and  
love,

But only for a season fled,  
To roam the fairer fields above.

I wait, and watch, and hope, and pray,  
And quell the fears that give me pain,  
Nor think, despite thy long delay,  
That thou wilt never come again.

From boyhood ever at my side,  
To guard me 'mid its scenes of strife;  
Thou hast become my angel guide,  
To lead me through the maze of life.

When yielding to the tempter's sway,  
That oft my wayward heart beguiles,



*My Angel Guide.*

---

“ Resist,” I hear thee softly say,  
And see thy sweet reproving smiles.

Beyond that dark futurity  
That must enshroud my manhood’s  
years,  
I strive to look, but cannot see,  
Because my eyes are dimmed with  
tears.

Yet softiy o’er my fevered brow,  
Thy loving kisses gently thrill,  
And though I cannot see thee now,  
I feel thy presence with me still.





**She Wore the Flower I Gave Her.**



HE wore the flower I gave  
her

Upon her sinless breast,  
An emblem of that peace

divine,

Her youthful soul has blest ;  
No other form of beauty  
From Nature's perfect mould  
Could in such fitting language  
Her purity unfold.

She wore the flower I gave her  
That peaceful evening hour,  
And all her inward beauty seemed  
Transfigured in that flower,  
While every early dream of love  
That youthful fancy weaves,



**She Wore the Flower I Gave Her.**

---

And all the thoughts her bosom move  
Seemed folded in its leaves.

She wore the flower I gave her ;

Oh ! may she ever wear

That flower of fadeless beauty

That time can ne'er impair :

When death at last shall sever

Life's frail and silvered cord,

May she thus bloom forever

In the garden of the Lord.



## The Wintry Days Are Coming.



THE wintry days are coming,  
And the wintry winds are  
humming  
Sad refrains ;  
For another year has perished,  
And of Nature's charms we cherished  
Naught remains.

Many forms we loved have vanished,  
Many hopes and aims are banished  
From our hearts ;  
But some blessings still are left us—  
Of which time has not bereft us—  
God imparts.

Hopes of joy in coming ages  
Which the present pain assuages  
Give us cheer ;



The Wintry Days Are Coming.

---

As the world looks bright before us,  
And the clouds that linger o'er us  
Disappear.





## The Hidden Heart.



COULD we unveil to mortal  
gaze  
Each recess of the heart,  
And deeply probe the  
bleeding wounds  
Of grief's relentless dart ;

Could we but see behind the cloud,  
That glooms each cherished dream,  
Perchance the inward glance would  
prove  
We're seldom what we seem.

Could we but feel another's woe,  
And note the heart-drawn sighs,  
Or count the unseen tears that flow  
From joyful-seeming eyes;



## The Hidden Heart.

---

Could we disclose each buried hope,  
Entombed within the soul,  
Or tell of brightest visions passed  
Beyond this life's control;

Could we unfold each inner life,  
And read its mystic scroll,  
Whereon is written all that time  
Has stamped upon the soul;

Then we might learn to cheer and  
bless

Each heavy-laden one,  
And know that we, in doing this,  
An angel's work have done.



## At Winnisook.



N Time's untiring pinions  
The Summer hours are  
borne ;  
And Nature's vast dominions  
Await the Autumn's dawn.

When o'er the regal mountains  
The Oreads lead their throngs,  
And all the forest fountains  
Will sing their parting songs.

But here, while Summer lingers  
Untouched by Winter's cold,  
What though its frosty fingers  
Tinge all the leaves with gold,

A genial glow of mildness  
Will thrall the highland air,



At Winnisook.

---

And through the mountain wildness  
A balmy fragrance bear.

So here we love to linger,  
And hear the babbling brook  
Call to each feathered singer,  
"Come back to Winnisook !"





To My Wife.



HE queen of night is on her  
throne,

Surrounded by her starry  
band ;

Unrivalled beauty fills the land,  
And over all a charm is thrown  
My heart can scarce withstand.

And yet amid these soothing scenes,  
That to my spirits yield a balm,  
And every inward tumult calm,  
A nameless longing intervenes  
To mar the mystic charm.

I hear the ocean's deep-toned voice,  
And sweeter notes of music near,  
That fall upon the listening ear ;



To My Wife.

---

But still my heart can scarce rejoice,  
Because thou art not here.

Few are the pleasures unalloyed,  
With some unwelcome present ill,  
That comes the glowing heart to  
chill ;

So in my breast there is a void,  
Thy smile alone can fill.



## The Return.



FULL-ARM'D with garnered  
treasures  
Of poetry and art,  
We come with added pleas-  
ures

To charm the mind and heart.

The last word that was spoken  
Of farewell or regret,  
Like love's enduring token,  
'T were fatal to forget.

As o'er the swelling ocean  
The links of thought unite,  
A love-inspired emotion  
Cements our hearts to-night.

But here is home entrancing,  
With spells that beauty lends,



### The Return.

---

The joyous hours enhancing,  
By smiles of olden friends.

The gladdening sounds of  
greeting  
Make bright this sweet return,  
And eyes familiar meeting  
With glowing welcome burn.





Lines Accompanying a Birthday  
Present.



TRIFLING gift to thee I  
send,  
This happy day, my little  
friend ;

And trust that in thy childhood's days  
Thy course may be in "Wisdom's  
ways"—

That path the true and holy trod  
Who sought the Paradise of God.  
May God, the children's friend and  
guide,  
Lead thee through life on Virtue's side,  
And keep thy heart from guile and sin—  
From foes without and foes within.  
Strive e'er to win the love of each  
By kindly act and thoughtful speech,



**Lines Accompanying a Birthday Present.**

---

And prove to all that Woman's might  
Is greatest when she honors Right.  
Then will thy life be pure and good  
And crowned with noble womanhood.



## The Undying.



HEY are not always dead  
who die

Nor living all who live ;  
For life's best years may

oft deny

What death alone can give.

If living for ourselves alone

We spend our fleeing years,

'Twere better that our hearts were stone,

Our eyes undimmed by tears.

The gracious Author of our race,

To make His image known,

The peerless beauty of His face

Impressed upon our own.

Thus by His clearly seen design,

The feeblest mind discerns ,



## The Undying.

---

It was the quenchless spark divine  
That lit the lamp that burns.

The richest ore, by Nature's plan,  
Lies deepest 'neath the sod ,  
And worth unrecognized by man,  
Is treasured most by God.

So, if in living we would live,  
And not in dying die,  
To others we must freely give  
Our love and sympathy.

Must yield to mercy's sweet control,  
Then follow where she leads ,  
And have a Jesus in the soul  
As well as in our creeds.





## Woman's Love.



WHEN Sappho touched her  
tuneful lyre,  
And sang inspired of wo-  
man's love,  
She filled the Grecian heart with fire  
Promethean—from above.  
And ever since that happy day  
The poet's pen and painter's art,  
Have each in its divinest way  
Portrayed the worship of her heart.



## The Phantom.



THE hoar-frost fringed the  
chancel pane,  
Dark shadows hung upon  
the wall ;  
No sounds were heard but creaking  
vane

And distant murmuring waterfall.

A phantom stalked the narrow aisle,  
Moved up and down the winding stair;  
And, as it passed me, seemed to smile  
In welcome of my presence there.

By some mysterious power impelled  
I sought with haste the outer door ;  
Where viewless hands a scroll upheld,  
Whereon was written " Nevermore."



## The Phantom.

---

From grave to grave the moonbeams  
glanced,

And in their course the vision bore ;  
While every step that I advanced  
I saw the scroll and "nevermore."

At length the deepening shadows fell  
Where sleep the long-forgotten dead ,  
But o'er my heart with mystic spell  
There hangs a strange and nameless  
dread.



## The Blazer.



ING PLUTO came forth from  
his fiery domains,  
With a flame in his mouth,  
and a flash from his eye;  
And I heard the dull clank of his ada-  
mant chains,  
As the blast of the scorching sirocco  
passed by.

The leaves on the trees and the flowers  
in the field,  
And even the bowers where so oft I've  
reclined,  
No longer their shade and sweet fra-  
grance could yield,  
For death came apace with the wither-  
ing wind.





### The Blazer.

---

The brook in the vale that once rippled  
and danced,

To the music of Nature's enchanting  
refrains,

Fled on to the sea as King Pluto ad-  
vanced,

But whispered a vow to return—with  
the rains.

The birds in the branches, the bees in  
the hive,

And even the ant in her newly-made  
cell,

Were fanning their neighbors to keep  
them alive,

As the gasping grasshoppers plunged  
into the well.













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